

# **C**ertayne

Chapters takē out of the  
Prouerbes of Salomon,  
wythe other Chapters of  
the holye Scrypture, and  
certayne Psalmes of  
Dauid, translated  
into Englyshe  
Metre,  
By John Hall.

**C**um Priuilegio ad Impri-  
mendum Solum.



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# ¶ To the ryght

good & worshipful Maister John  
Bicket of Eltam, esquire, John  
hall hys daylye oratour, wyssheth  
prosperyte, health & quyetnes,  
both of bodye and  
spyryte.

A M C M.



Of the intent right wor-  
shipful Syr, yf I wolde  
eschew and with drawe  
my selfe fro ydlenes, the  
whych of a truth is the  
begynnyng, sprynge and increase of  
euyl & myschefe, to the intent I say,  
to eschew the incommodyties that  
ther of might ensewe, I haue occu-  
pyed soche tymes as myghte haue  
bene bestowed in ydlenesse or va-  
nytyes, in makynge of Proverbes  
and Psalmes, and other Chapters  
of the holy Scripture in metre, as  
is contayned in this lytle boke, the

A.ii.

whych

The Epistle

which I haue ben so bold to dedicate to your Maysterchip, trusting i god, it is not only of me diligētly accōplished, but also of your Maysterchip, thākefully receaued, & which, if I may perceiue, it shal further encozage me to procede in this exercise, not for any scarcite of mē that cā do it, but rather to geue thē occasiō to occupie thē selues therein that can do it moch better, trustynge to God, that soche good men wpll not be with me offēded for this my bolde enterpryse, but rather accept my good wyl, and honest hart, doyng the best I cā, according to my litle wytte and smal capacitytie. And for as moch, as it hath pleased the lord by diuerse and sundry waies, to distribute and bestowe his gracious grites, as it pleaseth him of his downe goodnes, that is to say, not all in one body, neither yet all in every mā oz womā but al soch as he doth chose

those & apoint, to be his elect instru-  
 mētes, vnto thē geueth he his gys-  
 tes as it pleaseth his most large be-  
 nighite, for as it is alwaies sene, he  
 geueth to one that he geueth not to  
 an other, and to some moze then to  
 some, yea, & to some one moze thē to  
 many thousandes, & thus we may se  
 that he geueth his giftes not to al  
 soch by one measure, but as moch &  
 as litle as it pleaseth him, & not ac-  
 cording to our worthines, for yf we  
 haue no moze then we deserue, we  
 shuld haue nothyng at al, therfore  
 the lord willet them, to whom he  
 geueth gysfes, to putte them in vse  
 to the profit of thē that haue neade  
 therof, & in no wise to play the euil  
 seruāts, hyding the talētes in the  
 ground, for Saynte Paul sayeth:  
 i. Cori. xii. that the spirit is geuē to  
 euery mā to edyspe with all accor-  
 ding to hys calling, for to one is ge-  
 uen the vtterance of wysdome, to  
 A. iii. another

The Epistle

another is geuen the utteraunce of  
knowledge, and vnto another is  
geuen faith, so that al these thinges  
are the gyftes of the sp<sup>ir</sup>ite of god  
& not the workes of me, & therfore  
who so ever despiseth the same, des-  
piseth the gyftes of y<sup>e</sup> lord, the whi-  
che I trust no good men of honest re-  
putacion wil do, & as for them that  
be other wyse, I accōpt theyr wor-  
des as no sclaunder, for thys I am  
sure ther is no mā liuig that cā plea-  
se euery mā, for he that shuld go a-  
bont any maner of workes & of eue-  
ry body asketh cōsel, it might wel  
be sayde that he hath begon, but it  
shulde neuer be sayde that he hath  
made an ende, or that he hath fyni-  
shed it, but neuertheles because that  
I wold not trust to mine own wyt  
when I had duely & dyligently as  
I cold wayd it with my self I pre-  
ferred thys myne enterpryse to the  
cōsel of good wise and wel lerned  
men



**Dedicatorie.**

men, by whose good counsell I haue  
bene the bolder to let it go openly a  
broad, for good wyse sober & lerned  
men wyl not despise cōdempne nor  
blame that thig that a wise sober &  
learned man hath aproued & allow-  
ed, yf any other for lacke peraduen-  
ture of learninge or knowledgē do  
in proue any part of thys boke, yet  
the auctorite of your Maysterthyp  
vnto whō I haue dedicate it, may  
cause hym to refrayne yf he haue a-  
ny discrecion, furthermoze, because  
I thoughte you had moze delyte &  
plesure to reade or to heare, or syng  
the word of god in metre then any  
other rimes of vanitie & songes of  
baudye the which of longe here to  
foze hath ben vsed rather then any  
other thyng profyttable for the bo-  
dy or soule, by the reason thereof it  
dyd the further prouoke me to dedi-  
cate it vnto you, trustyng that you  
wyl take it wel in worth, and not  
wyth



The Royale dedycacy.  
Wpouthout it shuld redound to your  
worshyp so to do, thus fare you  
well, the luyngge god the  
geuer of al good giftes,  
kepe you alwayes  
in health and  
prospery-  
tye.

A M E N.

Finis.

Your good maysterhyps most  
humble seruaunt at al tymes  
to commaunde John Hall.

Certainne lessons.

**D**o all your dedes wyth good  
aduyse

Cast in your myndes alwayes the  
ende

Wyt bought is of to dere a price  
the tryed trust take as your frend  
For frendes I fynd ther be but two  
of countenance and of effect:

Of the one sorte there are inough,  
but fewe bene of the other sect.

Also beware the venime swete,  
of fyled wordes and flattery

For to deceyue they be moſte mete,  
that best can playe hypocryſe.

Let wyſdome rule youre dede and  
thought

So ſhal youre worckes be wyſely  
wrought.

**W**ho lyſt to leade a quiet lyfe,  
Who lyſt to ryd hym ſelf from  
ſtryfe

Geue eate to me, mark what I ſay  
Kemeinbze wel, beare it away.  
Hold

Declarne lessons

Holde backe thy tongue, at meate  
and mele

Speake but fewe wordes, bestowe  
them well

By wordes the wyse mā thou shalt  
espye

by wordes a fole þ̄ shalt sone trye  
A wyse man can hys tongue make  
cease

A fole can neuer holde hys peace  
Who loueth rest of wordes beware  
Who loueth wordes is sure of  
care

For wordes oftymes, men haue ben  
shente,

For sylence kept, fewe them repent  
Two eares, one tongue, ouely thou  
haste

No thynges to heare, then wordes  
to wast

A fole in no wyse can hym forbear  
He hath two tongues, and but one  
eare

Be sure thou kepe a stedfast braine  
Lest

**Certaine lessons.**

Lette that thy wordes put the to  
payne

wordes wpselye set, are worthyt  
moch golde

The price of rashnes, is sone tolde

Yf tyme requyre wordes to be had

To hold thy peace I hold the mad

Take onely of nedefull verytyes,

Stryue not for tryflyng fantasyes

Wyth sobernesse the trouth boulte  
cut,

Affyrme nothyng whereyn hys  
doubte

Who to thys song wyll take good  
nede

And spende no mo wordes then he  
nede.

Though he be a foole, and haue no  
brayne

He shal by this great wysdō gaine

Speake whyle tyme is, els holde  
the styll

Wordes out of tyme, ofte thynges  
do spryll.

Sarwell



Certain lessons

Say wel, and do wel, are thynges  
twayne

Twofe blest is he, in whome bothe  
do rayne

Saywell is sure a woorthy thyng,  
of saywell great goodnes doeth al-  
way sprynge

Saywell from do wel dyffereth a  
letter

Saywell is good, but do well is  
better.

Saywel is ruled by mā some deale  
do wel to god doth wholy appeale.

Say well is good, and doth many  
please,

Doo well is better, and dothe the  
world ease.

Saywell causeth manye to scrip-  
ture cleaue

For lacke of do well, they quickly  
leue

Yf saywel and do wel, were ioyned  
in fraime.

All were wel and wonne, got were  
the



Certayne lessons,

the game

Say well in Daunger of Deathe is  
colde.

Do wel is earnest, and wonderous  
bolde.

When say wel for feare doth trem-  
ble and quake

Do wel is iocond, and good cheare  
doth make.

finis,

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**W**ho lyst to leade a quiet lyfe,  
Who lyst to ryd hym self from  
stryfe

Geue eare to me, mark what I say  
Remeinbre wel, beare it away.

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Declaracion of lessons

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The price of rashnes, is some tolde  
Yf tyme requyre wordes to be had  
To hold thy peace I hold the mad  
Take care of nedefull verities,  
Stryue not for tryflyng fantasies  
Wyth sobernesse the trouth boulde  
out,

Affirme nothyng wherein thys  
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Speake whyle tyme is, els holde  
the still

Wordes out of tyme, ofte thynges  
do spyll.

Say well



Certainne lessons

Say wel, and do wel, are thynges  
twayne

Twofe blest is he, in whome bothe  
do rayne

Saywell is sure a worthy thyng,  
of saywell great goodnes doeth al-  
way sprynge

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doth make.

Finis.

# The Proverbes

of Salomon, translated into  
Englyshe mette.

Argumentum. Chap. i.

The wysdome of the Lorde our God  
doth call vpon vs styl  
That we flee farre from wycked men  
and folowe not theyr wyll.

**M**y sone thy father herke vnto  
me to hys loze enclyne  
For sake y not thy mothers  
but sure let it be thyne (law)

For that shal cause grace plētiful  
to lyght vpon thyne head:  
And on thy necke shal be a chaine  
and stande the in good steade

Therfore my sone take thou good  
whē synners do the tempte (hede)  
For though that they do the intyse  
to them do not consent

Yf they shal say come thou w vs  
let vs laye wayte for bloude:

And

The visuerthes of Salomon  
And causeles kyll the innocent  
and spoyle them of theyr good

Let vs the swallow quicke and  
let vs deuoure them al (hole  
As those chat flyde into a pyt,  
so shal they take theyr fall.

And we shal costely ryches fynd  
to do therwyth our wyll  
And with y spoiles that we shal get  
we may our houses fyll

Cast in thy lotte among vs now,  
a man yf that thou art:  
And then we wil haue al one purse  
and thou shalt haue thy part.

But walk þ not with the (my son)  
theyr pathes do thou refrayne  
Their fete ar hasty bloude to shed,  
all yll they do retayne

But al in vayne the net is layd  
before the byrdes eyes:  
Yet one an others bloud to spyll  
much yll they do deuyse.

And they the selues their owne deat  
hys way do hurt & noye: (bloud  
And



The Proverbs of Salomon  
And theyr owne soules do quite de  
of al eternal ioye. (p. 296)

This is the way of greedy men,  
and this is al theyr feate:

For to berue hys brothers lyfe  
hys ryches for to gette.

Without therefore doth wylsom  
 & putteth forth her voyce: (call  
 Behold for in the open streates,  
 to you He maketh noyse.

She calleth before the multitude  
that all men may her know  
And in the towne gates openly  
her wordes she doth now shew.

Oh folishe mē and fond (saith she)  
how longe wyl ye delyte  
In folyshe schole: and ye vnwyse  
to wysdome beare such spyte.

Oh turne to my correction,  
I wylt my mynd expresse:  
And I wylt make you vnderstand  
my wordes both more and lesse.

See then that I haue called you  
and ye refuse my name,

And



In metre.

And haue put forth mine hād also,  
and ye forsake the same

And al my counsels ye haue had,  
in mockynge and despyte

And also my correctyon,  
haue set at naught and lyght

Therfore wyl I laugh ioyfully  
in your destructyon

And mocke you whā the plague you  
shal iustly on you come (feare

And whā that which you feare so  
full sodaynly doeth fall (moch

And troubles and greate heuynes,  
shall come vpon you all

Thē when you do bpō me craue,  
I wyl not heare your mynde

Though you seke me, & that earely  
yet shal you not me fynde.

And why? I say because that you  
my knowledg so abhorde

And cast away agaynst my wyll,  
the feare of god the Lorde

I sayd before they dyd refuse,  
my counsels euery one

B.i.

And

The proverbes of Salomon  
And dyd not cease for to despyse  
my good correctyon

To eate þe frute of theyr own way  
the Lord shal them constrayne  
Wyth the device he shal them fyll  
of theyr insensate brayne

And for the fall of the vnwyse,  
he shal them slay anon  
And eke the wealth of folkes shalbe  
theyr owne confusyon

But who to me that geueth eare  
shal dwell safely I saye  
And haue ynough, & nede not feare  
by nyght, nor yet by daye.

Argumentum. Chap. ii.

¶ It is here taught that we shuld learne  
Godes wysdom to obtayne  
The wealth also that cometh therof  
is here describved playne.

(wordes

**M**y sone receyue thou these my  
the which shalbe right wyse  
And kepe thou my cōmaūdemētes,  
my sonne I the aduise.

So

An metre.

So that thine eares may euermore  
to wysdomes scholes enclyne  
Applye thyne hart to vnderstande,  
soch thynges as he dyuyne  
For yf thou after wysdome crye  
and styl l vpon her craue  
And callest on for knowledg gift,  
because thou woldest her haue  
And seke for her as þu woldest seke  
for money in the dust.  
And dygge for her as treasure that  
in earth is hydde and trust  
Then shalt thou ryght wel vnder-  
the feare of god the lord (stād  
And of his law þu knowledg fynd,  
accozdyng to hys worde  
For god alone doeth geue to vs,  
hys wysdom for to speake  
Out of his mouth doth knowledg  
and vnderstanding eke (spryng  
The righteous inē he doth preserve  
in welfare thzough hys myght.  
He doth defende the innocent  
that walke hys way aryght

B.ii,

He

The Proverbs of Salomon

He doth the kepe straight in his pa  
that they go not astray (thes

He doth direct hys holynes,  
to walke ryght in hys way

Yf thou be soch, þu shalt them learne  
by iustyce for to Deale

Wyth every man in equitye,  
throughtout the comen weale

In iudgemēt ryght thou shalt lyke  
al other men excell (wyse

And every good path vnto the,  
the lord shal shew ful well

Yf wysdome entre in thyne hart,  
and knowledg in thy spyryte

The vnderstandynge good counsell  
shall the preserve byryght

That thou mayst so delpyered be  
from every wycked waye

And frō those men þu froward thyn  
do alwayes speake & say (ges

The whyche do leaue the waye of  
and walk in darknes stil (light

And which reioyce most iocundly  
when they haue done ful yll

Why



Whych do delyte in wyckednes  
whose wayes are vyle and vayne  
whose croked pathes ar sclaundes  
fro them do thou refrayne (trou

That also fro the straunge womā  
delyuered thou mayst be  
And from her eke that is not thine  
or was not wedde to the.

Which speaketh faire, & doth for  
the husbād of her youth (take  
And doth forget the cōnaunt made  
of god and of hys trouth.

Take hede, her house enclpeth  
to death, as I the tell (fast  
Her pathes are sure the ready way  
that leadeth downe to hell

And they also that go to her,  
shal not come out agayne.

Noz take hold of the way of lyfe  
I tel the thys is playne

That thou mayst walke in y sure  
wherof I do the tel (way

And kepe the pathes of ryghtuous-  
thē shal t thou do ryght wel (nes



The proverbes of Salomon  
For why? the iust shal euer lyue,  
in ioye that doeth not cease  
The innocent remaine on earth  
in welth, and eke in peace  
But the vngodly shalbe pluckt  
out of the lande I saye  
And wycked men chased shal be  
out of the same for aye.

Argumentum. Chap. iiii.

¶ Sure trust in God ought al men haue  
and not in theyr owne byayne  
The wycked man thou shalt not feare  
ne yet the skorned byayne.

**M**y sonne, forget not þy my lawe  
but haue it styll in syght  
And let thine hart obserue my woꝝ  
so shalt thou walke a ryght (Des  
For sure they shal prolong thy daies  
thy yeres, and lyfe also  
And bring the peace and quyetnes  
and rydde the out of wo  
Let mercy noꝝ yet faythfulnes,  
hencefoꝝth from the depart  
Bynde

**In ager:**

Bind the about thy neck(my sone)  
and wyte them in thyne hart  
And so shalt thou great fauor wyne  
of god and eke of men  
In vnderstandyng pefectlye  
expert thou shalt be then  
With al thine hart to god the lord  
put confydence and trust  
And leaue thou not in any wyse  
to thyne owne wyte and lust  
In al thy wayes haue thou respect  
vnto the lyuyng lord  
He shal thy doynges ordre well  
accoording to hys worde  
Be not to wyse in thy conceate  
but feare god in thyne harte  
In hast also from wyckednes  
endeuoure to departe  
So shal thy nauyl styl(my sonne)  
contynue hole and sounde  
Thy bones also and body shal  
wyth lyuely strength abounde—  
Honour the lord, and to hym geue  
the best of thy substaunce

**B.iiii.**

**And**

**The Proverbs of Salomon**  
And the fyrst frutes of thyne entered  
hys glozy to aduaunce (se  
So shall thy barnes be fylled full  
and that wyth plenteousnes  
Thy presses all shal ouerflowe  
wyth wyne of great sweetenes  
The bytter scorge of god the Lord  
(my sonne do not despyse  
And whē thou art rebukte of him,  
faynte not in any wyse (loue  
For loke whō that the lord doeth  
hys rodde shal on hym lyght  
Euē as the father whipes his sōne  
to knowe him selfe a right  
Yet doeth the Lord neuertheles  
loue hys afflycted styll  
Euen as the father doth hys chylde  
when he hath bete hys fyll  
Full wel is he therfore I saye  
the whych doeth wysdom fynde  
And vnderstandynge to obtayne  
doeth set hys hart and mynde  
For marchādice there is none such  
thzoughout the world so rounde  
Ther

In metre:

There is no syluer nor yet golde,  
wherin such welth is founde

More worth then al the golde on  
let wysdome be to the (erth)  
To her al thynge thou canst desyre  
compared may not be

On her ryght hand attēdaunt is  
longe lyfe, wyth colour grene  
And honour stādes on her left hād,  
wyth ryches well besene

Her wayes also ryght pleasāt ar  
wyth pleasure doth not cease  
Her pathes likewise ar nothing els  
but brytpe and peace

She is a tree of lyfe to them  
that laye holde on her ryght  
And blessed are they þ̄ kepe her fast  
wyth al theyr power and myght

In wysdom eke the lyuing lord  
full well the earth dyd found  
And w̄ his word þ̄ heuens he made  
the earth to compasse rounde

And througħ þ̄ wysdō of the lord  
the waters brake vp all

The



The Proverbs of Salomon.

The cloudes also powder down the  
that on the earth doth fall (rayne

My sone, let not these thynges be  
at no tyme from thine eyes (part  
But kepe my law and counsels all  
by the in any wyse

So shall it be eternall lyfe,  
thy soule for to embrace

Thy mouth shall be replenysht  
wyth vertue and wyth grace.

Thē shalt thou be right sure to walk  
full boldly in the waye

Thy fete shall neuer slippe from the  
by nyght nor yet by Daye

Yf thou doest slepe at any tyme  
thou needest not be afrayed

But sweetely slepe, and take thy rest  
for god wyl be thyne ayde

And though that the vngodly men  
rushe in wyth vyolence

Thou shalt not be afrayed at al,  
for God is thy defence

The lord wil stand fast by thy syde  
and helpe the at thy nede

And

In metre.

And kepe the safe, and suffre not,  
thyne enemyes to procede  
And soch as wolde to other men  
do good wyth all theyr harte  
And haue therto suffycient  
to lette is not thy parte  
And yf thy selfe thou able be  
thy neyghbour to releue  
Help him with soch as thou mayest  
and gladly to hym geue (spare  
Refuse not to do good to them  
to whom it doth belonge  
Whyle that thy ryght had able is,  
to do it them amonge  
And yf thy frende do aske of the  
say not, gette thou thy way  
To morow come agayne to me  
or els some other daye  
And then wyl I geue the (thou sayest)  
wher as thou mayest it now  
Euen out of hand, & yf thou wylt,  
thys god doeth not allowe  
Intend not to thy neyghbors hurte  
where he no harme hath mente  
And

The Proverbes of Salomon.  
And wher to lyue in rest and peace  
he setteth hys whole entent  
Striue not (my sone) wyth any man  
where as he doth no woo  
Nor folow thou the vniust man  
but hys the fast hym fro  
For why: the way of scorner all  
the lord doeth cleane detest  
And for to talke wyth simple men  
the lord is pleased best  
Great scarcytye the lord doth send  
wher wycked men abyde  
But he doeth blesse the godly men  
and shal for them prouyde  
The lord shal laugh at scornfull  
& mocke the to theyr face (me  
But to the lowly he wyl geue  
hys goodnes and hys grace  
The wyse wyth theyr possellions,  
in honour shal remayne  
But shame is the promocyon  
that folysh men obtayne.

Argumen

In Metre.

Argumentum. Cha. iiii.

How sagely and how fatherly  
he doeth vs here aduise  
That we from euyl our hartes refrayne.  
and studie to be wylse.

¶ Childrē heare youre father now  
Howe he doth you exhort (we  
Take hede & you do wisdom lear  
whych shalbe your comfort (ne  
And I wil geue you good rewarde  
and therwyth wyl you fyll  
If you wylt not forsake my law  
but studie therein styll.

For when I was the onely sōne  
of both my parentes dere  
And tenderly beloued was,  
of father and mothere

Thē he taught me ful lounghly  
and vnto me dyd preache  
And thus he sayde full oftentymes  
as I wyl you now reache

Se that thou doest receaue (sayd—  
my wordes into thy brest (he)  
And kepe thē wel, so shalt thou liue  
in perfyte ioye and reste

In



The proverbes of Salomon  
In vnderstandyng busely  
applye thy selfe al waye  
Let not the same depart from the  
by nyghte, nor yet by daye

And wysdom neuer suffre thou,  
from the foze to digresse  
Yf thou loue her she shal preserve  
and kepe the from dystresse

The chiefeest poynt of wysdom is  
that thou do take in hande  
Before al goodes wysdom to gette  
and learne to vnderstand

Make moch of her & she shal the  
promote to power and myght  
And yf thou her embrace, she shal  
to honour bryng the ryght

Foz she wil make thine head truly  
both good and gracyous  
And with a crowne shal garnishe it  
that is full glorpyous

My sone, therfore embrace w<sup>th</sup> spe  
the wordes I say to the (de  
So that thy yeres in ioy and peace  
on yearth prolonged be

The

In metre.

The wayes of wysdom vnto the,  
I shal make fayre and playne  
And in the pathes of equytie  
Shall leau: the to remaine  
So that thou mayst walke wel in  
A haue none hinderance (thē  
And whē thou rūnest ȳ shalt not fal  
nor haue an euyl chaunce  
Of wysdō, thē sure hold take thou  
and do not let her goo  
In keepyng her thou shalt surely  
defended be from woo  
And in the path come not (my sōne)  
of the vngodly trayne  
Nor walk thou in the wicked way  
of them whose lyfe is vayne  
From the yl trade of naughty men,  
Depart thou cleane asyde  
And se that thou go farre frō thē,  
and kepe the styll awyde  
They cā not slepe til they haue done—  
some harine or els myschiefe  
Nor take their rest til thei haue wo  
to some mā wo or grieve (ught  
For

The Proverbs of Salomon

For they do eat the bytter bread  
of wylful wyckednes  
And drinke the wine of comē spoile  
and al vngodlynnes

The pleasaunt pathes of godly mē  
appeare both lyght and gaye  
And to all mē more bright do shire  
then doeth the lyghtesome daye

But the yll way of wycked men  
to darckenes is comparde  
Wherin men fal, or they beware  
or els do scape full harde

My sone, marke wel my words  
that I do to the tell (therfore  
And to the same thine eares encline  
and vnderstand theym well

And se that frō thy faithful mind  
thou lettest them not depart  
But kepe them styl full stedfastlye  
in the myddst of thy harte

For they are lyfe vnto al those  
that chaunceth them to fynde  
And health of body to al soch  
as beare them in theyr mynde

In metre.

My sone also kepe wel thine hart  
for therein resteth lyfe

And put fro the a froward mouth,  
and lyppes that causeth stryfe

And let thyne eyes w<sup>th</sup> dyligence,  
behold that whych is ryght

And eke thine eye liddes loke before  
dyrectly in thy lyght

Marke wel thy pathes, lest y<sup>e</sup> thy  
happe sodenly to syde (fete

So shal thy gate be sure ynough,  
whether thou go oz ryde

Turne not asyde on the left had  
noz yet vnto the ryght

But kepe away from wyckednes,  
thy fete wyth al thy myght

The perfite paths y<sup>e</sup> lord doth kno  
that lede the way of lyght (we

The wycked wayes the lorde also  
consydereth aryght

But soch as walke in godlynes—  
the lorde wyl kepe and saue

And al theyr iourneyes prospere so  
that they none harme shal haue.

C.i. Argus



The proverbes of Salomon  
Argumentum. Cha. v.

**A**l harlottes fle, thyne honour save  
thy petyes spende not in vayne  
Of thyne owne floure enjoy the fruyte  
Araunge love also refrayne.

**M**y sonne geve eare & that w<sup>h</sup> spe  
my wysdō folow thou (de  
W<sup>h</sup>yth good pretēce to wisdōs scole  
thyne eares se that thou bowe

So y<sup>e</sup> thou doest regard alway,  
my ryght and good counsell  
And y<sup>e</sup> thy lippes may nourtour kepe  
lykewyse in speakyng well

The flattering lippes of wicked  
may wel compared be (whozes  
To hony combes whych do dystyll  
as we do often see

Whose wordes appere vnto thine  
as smoth as any oyle (eares  
But thou art like w<sup>h</sup>out good hede,  
to take the shame and foyle

And in the ende the pleasure past  
assured thou mayst be  
The bitter tast of wormewood shal  
more pleasaunt seme to the

And

In metre.

And so likewise more sharpe she is  
the swerde of stele wel wrought  
which on both sides w cuttig edge  
mans lyfe doth bryng to nought

For sakē she hath the path of life,  
bustedfast is her waye

So that thou shalt it neuer know  
what euer she doth saye

Her fete do lede the way to death  
her steppes do leade to hel

The same be alwayes wanderyng,  
and in no place can dwell.

Geue eare therfore my sōne alway  
and herke well vnto me

And on the wordes of my wise mou  
attendaunte se thou be (th

Estraūge thy self as farre frō her  
as euer that thou maye

And come not nie her dozes nor hou  
by nyght nor yet by day (se

And do thou not thyne honoz geue  
vnto an other one

Nor yet the fruyte of thy lōg yeres  
to such as be thy sone

C.ii.

That

The prouerbes of Salomon

That with thy ryches other me  
theyr houses do not fyll

Nor w<sup>th</sup> thy paines a straūgers hou  
be stufte agaynst thy wyll (se

Lest that þ<sup>e</sup> mourne, but al to late  
vpon a wofull daye

Whē þ<sup>e</sup> hast spent both lyfe & good  
and be compelde to lape

Alas why dyd I nourture hate  
why dyd myne hart despyse

The lerning pure þ<sup>e</sup> I was taught  
which wold haue made me wyse

Why was I not obedient  
to them that dyd me teache  
And harkened not to thē the which  
so moch to me dyd pzeache

Wherfore almost al care & grefe  
is casten me vpon

In the mydst of thy multytude,  
and congregatyon

To vse þ<sup>e</sup> drinke of thine owne wel  
is sure a pleasaunt thyng

And of the brooke that floweth frō  
the head of thyne owne spyng

Suffre

In metre

Suffre the same to ouerflowe  
as ryuers to the brinke  
That water pure the neady maye,  
of them at al tymes Drynke

Yet let them be thyne owne onely  
yf nede of them thou hast  
And yf straunge mā kepe wet fro the  
yf longe they maye not last

Lyke wise be glad of thyne owne  
depart, thou not her fro (wyfe  
A loupng bynd thou shalt her haue  
yf frendely be thy Roo

The brestes of her se yf alwayes  
suffisaunt be to the  
And with her loue hold the content  
so shall you best agree

Wherefore (my sone) why wilt yf  
in harlots soch delyte (haue  
And dost embrace thy neyghbours  
and doest to him soch spyte (wife

Remēbre that of eche mans life  
the trade in the lordes syght  
Apereth plain, which he doth iudge  
accozdyng vnto ryght

C.iii.

And



The proverbes of Salomon.

And of mā's steppes w watchful  
the nombze hath he told (eyes  
And doth his wapes w iudgement  
consyder and beholde (ryght

The wickednes of an yll man  
shal catche hym selfe at last.  
And w the snares of his owne sinne  
he shalbe trapped fast

Because he wold not learned be,  
death shal hym overcome  
And headlong for hys folowes,  
to Sathan shal he runne.

Argumentum, Chap. vi.

There art thou warned of suretyshyp  
and slothfulness to flee  
Of doctryne falle beware the slepyght  
and sle adulterpe,

**M**y sonne yf thou a suretye be,  
or promyse for thy frende  
Thou hast thy hand so faster, &  
it wyll not be vntwinde

And bound y art in thine own wor  
as fast as thou mayst be (des  
And take art in thine owne speach,  
till he acquyteth the

Discharge

In metre

Discharge thy selfe for thou art  
into thy neyghbours det (come  
Seke then al meanes, & se yf thou  
thy neyghbour canst entreate

Refrayne thyne eyes fro to moch  
and to thy selfe beware (lepe  
As doth y doo the bloudy houndes,  
or byrde the fowlers snare

The lytle ant (thou slouthful mā)  
to thyne example take  
And learne of her for to be wyse  
and purueyaunce to make

For wher she hath no gouernour  
nor mayster her to learne  
Nor witty king vnder whose rule,  
wel holden is the sterne

Yet nature doth in her this woork  
wythout any other gyde  
In somer tyme wyth busy care  
for wynter to prouyde

How long wilt thou (oh slouthful  
in ydlenes remaine (man)  
And geue the whole to rest & slepe  
and slackest to take payne.

The proverbes of Salomon.

Go to, go to, slepe hardelye  
and slumbze out thy fyl  
With folded armes lye down to rest  
and take thou thyne owne wpll

As one that iourneth by the way  
to pouertye shall come

And also lyke a weaponed man  
on the shall fiercely ronne

But yf thou be industrious  
and well thy labour plye  
Thyne haruest shall be plentifull  
and yelde abundantlye.

And as the ryuers great & depe  
encrease by rage of rayne

So shall thy barnes be stuffed full  
of corne, and eke of grayne

And thou shalt stand nothing at al  
in feare of any lacke

The wofull bagge of beggerie  
shall neuer greue thy backe

A wycked man, and he that is  
replenyshed wyth gyle

Doeth alway seke maliciously  
with lyes the to bewyle

He

An metre,

He serueth to none vse at all  
he clereth wyth his eyes  
And with his fingers meneth craft  
and geues him selfe to lyes

And he doth alwayes exercyse  
some myschefe for hys part  
And causer is of moch discord  
through malyce of his harte

Wyth hast therfore remedeleſ  
some yll ſhall on hym fall  
from him his lyfe ſhal taken be  
when he thinkes leaſt of al (ſone)

Sire thinges ther be on erth (my  
whych God doth hate ful ſore  
The ſeuenth aboue the other ſyre  
the lord doth moſt abhorre

A proud diſdaynful loſe the lord,  
doeth vtterlye reſuſe

A lying tongue that ſyled wordes  
deceyptfully doeth vse

The hurtful hādes which haſt do  
the gyltles bloud to ſpyl (make  
And can not els thē ſelues refraine  
tyl they haue done ſome yll.

An



The Proverbs of Salomon

An hart that doth his euil though  
to thys onely employe (tes  
Which way to worke most wicked  
and other men to noye (nes

The fete also whych ready be  
great synnes for to comynyt  
And in one place can neuer stand  
tyl they some myschefe hytte

A witnes false y doth hys lippes  
deceyptfully applye  
And couertly hys neyghbour greue  
wyth some new forged lye

The sower of dyscorde is worse  
when brethren doeth agree  
And he that doth cause louing fren  
great enemies for to be (tes

But thou my sonne, my counsels al  
print sure into thyne harte  
Do not forsake thy mothers lawe  
nor laye the same aparte

Commend them to thy memozye  
bynde them thy necke about  
And wher y goest, leade them w the  
then slepe and haue no doute

And

In metre.

And whē thou wakest out of thy  
in them se thou delyght (slepe  
for my pzeceptes a lanterne are  
and to thy feete a lyght

In which thou mayst wout peryl  
passe safely on thy waye  
for nourtoure is yf thou it take  
to lyfe a readye staye

The same shall the pzeferue also  
from her that lyueth amys  
And also from the harlots tongue  
whych so deceyptfull is.

Let not her beauty the enflame,  
her beekes are very hokes  
To catch thine hart into her snare,  
through her deceyptful woorkes

To bring a mā to begge his bread  
it is an harlots gypse  
But for the lyfe of honestye  
the godly doeth deuyse

Many man the flaming fyre  
in hys bare bosome brynge  
But that it shal hys clothes burne  
and cause hys felthe to wrynge

The Proverbes of Salomon

Or may a mā on redde hote coles  
barefote passe on hys way  
And yet the same him neuer greue  
no, no, I dare wel saye

Euē so I thynke that the same mā  
that doth an harlotte se  
And bleseth hym to touch her ofte  
vngyltpe can not be

The thefe is not despyled of all  
that steales for very nede  
Hys gredy wōbe, & hungry guttes  
in hongre for to fede

The vtmost is, yf he be founde  
seuen tymes to yelde agayne  
Or els to make amendes wythall  
hys goodes that do remaine

But yf thou be in whoredō found  
with any neyghbours wyfe  
Thou playest the sole, for that doth  
destruccion on thy lyfe (brynge

Thou gettest thy self rebuke & sha  
wherof none can the rydde (me  
Dys honour eke thou purchasest  
whych neuer shall be hydde

In merre.

for why? her husbādes wꝛathful  
entreated can not be (ire  
Though þ̄ geue gyftes, amēdes to  
as moch as is in the. (make

Argumentum. Chap. vii.

In thys he doth al men exhor̄te  
to wysdom for to cleaue.  
He sheweth eke the harlots trickes  
wherbyth she doth deceyue.

**M**y sōne marke wel my cōsels  
I laye them vp in stoze (al  
Obserue wel my cōmaundementes  
by the for euermore

And honour thou the lyuing lord  
so shalt thou be ryght sure  
To raygne in ioyes celestypall  
whych euer shall endure.

And other goddes feare not at al  
in men haue thou no trust.  
And thys doying thou shalt be sure  
to lyue among the iuste.

Thē kepe thou my cōmaūdemētes  
lo, once agayne I saye

Euen



The wordes of Salomon  
Euen as the apple of thyne eye,  
by which thou seest the daye

And eke about thy syngers ten,  
se that thou do them bynde  
And write the in thine hart w<sup>th</sup> spede  
and pryncite them wel in mynde

And se that thou to wysdom saye  
thou art my syster deare  
And vnderstandyng cal lyke wyse  
thy kynswoman ful neare

For wysdom shal the safely kepe  
from women that be yll

So that on harlots fylled wordes  
thou shalt not set thy wyl

As I by chaunce fate dooone to se  
the folye of yonge men

And kepte me close w<sup>th</sup>in mine house  
and pepte out now and then.

Behold I saw a yong fole passe  
the corner of the strete

And hyed as fast as he myghte go  
an harlotte for to mete

And so toward the harlots house  
he toke hys waye ful ryghte

Thynkyng

In metre.

Thynkyng to scape and not be sene  
when it was almost nyght

And sodainly ther met with him  
an harlot proude and bolde  
whych alway set her whole delite  
to mocke both yong and olde

Foz in her hart deceypte was hyd.  
and wantonnes also  
whych she declared by her arttze,  
and tokens other mo

Whose fete could not abide win  
the house, but ranne about

Now here, now ther, in eche blynd  
wythin and eke wythout (lane

She caught þ̃ yōg mā kissing him  
and shamed not to saye

I made a vowe which to performe  
I purposed this daye

Wherfore came I to mete þ̃ now,  
and to beholde thy face

And thus I haue by happe þ̃ foude,  
my waye as I dyd trace

My house is dect w painted clo.  
of Egypt the to please (thes

My

The proverbes of Salomon  
My bedde doth smel of Sinaron,  
of myrrre and Aloes

Come on therfore and let vs lye  
togeather al thys nyght  
And let vs twaine our plesure take  
tyll it be broade day lyght.

Myne husbād is not now at home  
he is gone farre away  
With him he toke the money bagge  
and comes not home to day.

And thus w many flattering woꝝ  
she dyd hym ouercome (Des  
And also thzough her lying lyppes  
anon she had hym wonne

Immedyatly he folowed her  
moch lyke vnto an ore  
which led is to a slaughter house,  
where he is kylde wpth knockes

Oꝝ lyke vnto the folyshe lambe,  
that skyppeeth in the leese

— Whē that the boucher fetcheth him  
mens appetite to please

He thynketh not how shamefully  
to pryson he is brought

W her

In metre.

Wher his body both suffre was  
for soly by hym wrought

This harlot byle of this yōg sole  
so chaunged had his harte  
And had anon wounded to death  
his lyuer with her darte

That lyke a byrd he made great  
to fall into the gyn (hast  
Not knowyng of the fowlers art,  
vntyl that he was in

For loue I speake ful fatherly  
and counsell the eftsone  
Marke wel my wordes w̄ diligēce  
obserue them wel my sonne

Let not thine hart in harlots sna  
at any tyme be caught (res  
Be not deceyued, refuse her syght  
her pathes be very naught

Her house my sōne is ȳ ryght way  
that leadeth vnto hell  
The chābers of the same to death  
may be compared well.

D.i.

Argu



The prouerbes of Salomon  
Argumentum. Chap. viii,

**T**he wyse men doeth commend to vs  
the sonne of god most hye  
Whych is the word that al thynges made,  
and was eternally.

**H**ow cā you say (oh mortal mē)  
that wysdom doth not crye  
And prudence eke exalte aloud  
her voyce incessantly

In places al, as in the toppes  
of hylles that be full stepe  
And in the plaine & wide cōntreys  
and valeys that be depe

In cōmon places, nygh the same  
in churches and in stretes  
And in the gates of cities great  
wher many people metes

The myghty word, y<sup>e</sup> sōne of god  
doeth cal vnto mankynde  
Which was before y<sup>e</sup> heauens were  
& vttereth thus his mynde (made  
O sonnes of men to you I speake  
and earnestly do crye

My

In metre.

My wysdom learne to vnderstand,  
and kepe it faythfully

Oh herke wel, & geue good eare,  
of wayghty thinges and wyse

My lippes shal speake, myne harte  
moch godlines deuylse (shal styl

My talke shalbe on vertuous thin  
wherin I most delyght (ges

My lippes abhorre the wycked mā  
for al hys power and might

My counsels al, and my preceptes  
be ryghteous and strayght

There is in them no wyckednes  
nor any maner sleight

To soch as do them vnderstand  
they be but very playne

And not to hard for them to kepe  
yf therof they be fayne

Before great heapes of worldly  
chose thou my discipline (goodes

My doctryne is of greater pryce  
then is the golde so fyne

As lightsome daies w his bright  
excelleth the darke nyght (beames

The proverbes of Salomon  
Whē that þe skyes are ful of sterres  
oz mone doeth geue her lyght

Euen so truly doth wyfdom passe,  
and farre aboue excell  
All worldly wealth: to it nothyng,  
may be compared well

I whych am the eternal word,  
and equall in all myght  
To god the whych all thyng hath  
and created aryght (made

Assistaunt am, from time to time  
in counsels that are iust  
And lyke wyse am of al good thou-  
the geuer when I lust (ghetes

And he whych hath the feare of  
sure prynced in hys brest (god  
Doth hate al vyce, al pryde of hart  
and vtterly detest

The wycked pathes in whych to  
yll mē haue theyr delyght (walke  
The double tōgue his neyghbours  
whych worketh w despyte (hurt

I onely geue vnto mans hart  
good counseil to deuyse

In metre

To deale by ryght in equitye  
and iustyce exercyse

All wyldō doeth procede from me  
as from the very spryng  
All worldly strength and fortitude  
to man alone I byynge

By me kīges theyr power do take  
and rule the earth therby (ke  
And holsome lawes are stablished,  
and kept accordyngly

By me also al Magistrates  
the people kepe in awe  
And iudges geue theyr sentences  
accordyng to the lawe

And such as do vnfaynedly  
loue me, I loue agayne  
And whē they cal, great hast I make  
to rydde them out of payne (ke

All worldly goodes be geue to me  
to do wyth them my wyll  
And I haue power whō that I lyst  
wyth loye on earth to fyll

And I lyke wyse of heauēly giftes  
haue plentye and great store

D.iii.

Wyth



The prouerbes of Salomon.

Wyth me doeth grace celestiaall  
remaiue for euermore

No treasure in y<sup>e</sup> world so wyde  
comparde may iustely be  
vnto the frute and perfect welth,  
whych do procede from me

The tried gold and the siluer fyne  
whych doth on earth remaiue  
And stones of pryce vnto the same,  
may well be compted bayne

And in y<sup>e</sup> wayes of ryghteousnes,  
to walke is my delyght  
And in the place wher iudges do  
according vnto ryght

I do also the godly men  
thzough mercy to me call  
And plenteously do them enrych  
wyth grace celestiaall

Wyth god I haue bene hetherto  
and was eternally  
Before the earth was created,  
my father stode I by

I was begot longe tyme before  
the waters dyd surrounde

The

In metre

The erth, or that the mighty hilles  
were setled on the grounde

I was likewise befoze the fluddes  
had made them selues awaye

Or that the earth or lytle hylles  
were brought vnto theyr stape

And whē y god the heuēs did ma  
I was euen then at hand (ke

And whē the depes he dyd cōmaū  
not to surrounde the lande

And when also the fpyrament  
he made as we now see

And rūning spryges of water pure  
commaunded for to be

And when that he vnto the seas  
assygued a certayne place

And willed y fluddes not to excede  
theyr bondes in any case

And whē likewise the erth he ma  
immooueable to stande (de

I was with him, and to eche thing  
dyd put myne helping hand

I dyd reioyce, and day by day,  
I dyd delyght in men

D.iiii.

Great

The prouerbes of Salomon.

Great pleasure eke I had to be  
in company of them

Wherfore my sones enclyne your  
and herken vnto me. (hartes

Most blessed he is þ̄ in my wayes  
delyteth for to be

And doth þ̄ same kepe faythfully  
as I to hym haue taughte

And spedely maketh hast to boyde  
the thyng whych semeth naught

Geue eare, geue eare I say my sō  
and learne for to be wyse (nes

He is a foole and wycked man  
that doeth the same despise

And happy is the man that doth,  
heare me wyth good intente

And he also whose watchfull eyes,  
on me are alwayes bent

For he that hath obtayned me  
of perfyte blysse is sure

And god to hym the lyfe wyl geue  
that euer shall endure

And who þ̄ doth agaynst me synne  
doth bryng hys soule to care

Myne

*In metre.*

Myne enemyes shall of dreadefull  
be wapped in the snare (Death)

Argumentum, Chap ix.

From synfulness the sonne of god  
doth call both yong and olde  
and sheweth playne the wyckednes  
of hartlesse proude and bolde

He wydd high of god aboue,  
equal wyth hym in myght  
which fro the fyrst beginning was  
from heauen descended ryght

And here on earth the shape of mā  
disdayned not to take

which beyng done, vnto him selfe,  
a princely house he made

Wherin were wrought of marble  
pillers both large & wyde (fyne

The same thereby & he myght cause  
for euer to abyde

And then anone great quantyty,  
of vitayles dyd he laye

wyth wholsome meates, & pure good  
byss table dyd he laye (wyne

And



The prouerbes of Salomon  
And theſe ſet forth his handmaides al  
and gaue them to theſe charge  
To bydde all men vnto hys houſe,  
which was ſo fayre and large

And ſayde alſo ful louingly  
yf any ſole there be  
Let hym reſort vnto my houſe  
and come ſtreight vnto me

To ſynful me he ſpake lyke wiſe  
reſorte to me wyth ſpede  
And of my bread eate you your fylle  
prepared for your nede

And drynke y wyne before you ſyt  
and leaue your ygnoraunce  
Walke in the trace among the good  
wher wyſdō leadeſh the daunce

Yf thanſt doeſt the ſcorneful mā  
admoniſh to repente  
Thou doeſt nothynge but worke in  
for he wyl not relent (vayne

He yet amend hys wycked lyfe  
whereby he doeth prouoke

The iuſte and euerlaſting god  
to plage hym with his ſtroke

And

In metre.

And in the same iniuriouse  
vnto thy selfe thou arte  
And winneth hate for thy good wil  
he setteth not a farte

But yf thou doest, yea bytterly,  
rebuke hym that is wyse  
He wyl the loue, and at no tyme  
thy good counsel despyse

The wyse mā doth aduertysment  
alway turne to the best  
And by the same more ready is,  
all vyce for to deteste

For who so doth y<sup>e</sup> ryghteous fea  
of this thing may be sure (ch  
He wyl make hast learning to win  
and therin wyl endure

The feare of god the first point is  
hys wysdom to obtayne  
Of wysdom he shal neuer myste  
in whom Gods feare doeth raygne  
To such wil god send ioyful daies  
and wyl they<sup>r</sup> yeares encrease  
And all they<sup>r</sup> good wyl multiply  
that they may lyue in peace

The

**The proverbes of Salomon**

**The wyse man doth al yll escape  
and nothyng doeth he lacke**

**The skorning mā great synne doth  
vpon his woful backe** (beare

**Of pratyng whores & impudent  
it is the wonted guyse  
With flattering wordes & whozish  
to tye in the vnwyse** (tryckes

**A shameles whoze of godlynes,  
doeth knowe nothyng at al**

**In open stretes she sytteth downe,  
that men she may ther call**

**As they do passe frō place to place  
theyr busynes to do**

**Yf any man do want hys wytte  
let hym go her vnto**

**To whō she wyl not sticke to say  
and boldly to hym tell**

**The water that by stelth is gotte,  
al other doth excell**

**And so lykewyse the stollē bread,  
al though the same be sowze**

**Much sweeter is then other bread,  
at large whyle men deuoure**

**But**

In metre.

But in thynne hart my Iouing sone  
pynnt thys my saying well  
who so by her is ouercome  
descendeth vnto hell.

And who that doth contrary wyse  
her wycked waye denye  
vnto hys soule wynneth quietnes,  
and saued shalbe thereby

Argumentum, Chap. x.

The wyse man wyth the folyshe man  
is here compared playne  
The feare of god commended is  
and lyping god wyth payne

The wyse sone doeth hys father  
w gladnes & wyth ioye (fyl  
But the vnwyse wyth sorow doeth  
hys mother hurt and noye.

And treasure gotten wyckedly  
shall profyte the nothyng  
But wysdom shall delyuer the  
from death and from hys stryng

The lord wyl not hys holy ones  
in hunger to abyde

But



The proverbes of Salomon  
But the vngodly kepe he wyl  
from theyr desyre full wyde

An ydle hand the thyrifty man  
doth make both pooze and bare  
But yet the hand in labour quyk  
the neady cryeth from care

The wise man doth in somer time  
hys fruytes laye vp in stoz  
That he therby in wynter colde  
may helpe hym selfe the moze

But who so that in haruest tyme  
a slouggardes parte doth play  
Al sole him sheweth and is cōpelde  
to begge another day

With beauty deckt is the bryght  
of euery righteous one (face)  
But past al shame the wicked are  
with theyr presumption

Of wysdom eke the memozy  
shal haue a good reporte  
Euen so the name of wicked men  
shal sone to shame resorte

A wyse man wyl admonyshe d be  
and that is sygne of grace

In metre.

A foole wyl rather then he so do  
be stricken on the face

Who so y leadeth a gyltles lyfe,  
doth walke away ryght sure  
yf thou treadest in y wicked trace  
thou shewest thy selfe vnpure

The wicked man beware my sone  
least he do the some harme  
Out of the mouth of folysh men  
al wyckednes doth frame

The righteous mouth doth make  
is the wel of lyfe (moch peace  
The wycked mouth contrary wyse  
doth alway sturre vp stryfe

And enuy eke the mother is  
of cursed wordes and fell  
But loue doth hyde all gentilly  
the wordes not spoken well

The lyppes of the that vnderstand  
of wysdom haue no lacke  
But the scourge doth onely belong,  
vnto a folysh backe

Wyse mē doth good knowledge  
moze surer then theyr lond (kepe  
But

The Proverbes of Salomon  
But nygh to theyr destructyon,  
Drawe folp h men and fonde  
The rychmās goodes ar his strōg  
wherin hys trust is al (hold

Yf pouerty oppresse the pooze,  
the rych mans helpe is small

The good is wont to neady mē,  
part of hys goodes to geue  
And of hys store hys neyghboures  
wyth plentye to releue. (lacke

But to bestowe in vanities,  
the wycked do not cease  
Such goodes as he shuld wel em-  
vnto hys neyghbours ease (plov

Take hede therfoze & chastisment  
recepue wyth al thyne hart  
Yf thou refuse aduertisement  
thou playest a folyshe part

Dissembling lippes ar very cause  
of hatred and despyte

A sole he is which sclaunderously,  
hys neyghboures fame doth byte

Of many wordes and ydle talke  
offences do ryse

But

In metre.

But wel is he that can refrayne  
hys tongue from tellynge lyes

The tongue which is al innocent  
a noble treasure is

The cruell harte of wycked men  
delyght to do amys

The righteous doth wth their sayre  
a multitude enflame (speach  
for to embrace moch godlynnes  
and to eschew al shame

And so lykewyse the folythe men  
are lyghtly caught in snare  
Of their own wordes, and trapped  
or they therof beware (fast

The blessing of the lord onely  
of ryches sendeth store

The trauaile is the instrument  
wherby he geueth more

Yf god do not encrease thy corne  
and blesse it wyth hys hande

Thē shalt thou labour but in vaine  
in tellyng of thy lande

A foole in byce reioyceth styl,  
for why, he doeth not care

E.i.

Yet



The wordes of Salomon  
Yet neuertheles, I the aduysse  
of soch one to beware

For at the last with mysery,  
the wycked peryshe shall  
When godly men shal prospere wel  
and dreade nothyng at all

Un godly men shal vanyshe quite  
and neuer turne agayne  
Noch lyke vnto an hurling stozme  
myxed with hayle and rayne

The ryghteous shal cōtinue still  
and hereof be ryght sure  
In rest and peace of conscience  
for euer to endure

As vinegre good w<sup>th</sup> his sharpe tast  
doeth set on edge the teeth  
And the thicke smoke vnto the eyes  
is cause of payne and grieve

A slouthful mā and stouggish beast  
the good doeth so offende  
Whē they in vayne wold haue hym  
and he wyl not amend (thryue  
The feare of god doth blesse y<sup>e</sup> good  
and the peres doth prolonge

As

In metre.

As for the peres of wicked men  
shal not continue longe

The good doth byde in pacience,  
and shall be glad therfore

The wicked shal for al theyz hast  
peryshe for euermore

The wayes of god doeth courage  
bnto al godly men (geue

But soch as liue in wickednes  
great feare doeth fynd in them

The righteous shal at no time fal  
but stedfastly shal stande

The wycked men shal dwel in lyfe  
no longe tyme on the lande

The mouth also of godlye men  
in wysdom doeth de lyght

The lying tongues of froward me,  
agaynst the trouth doeth fyght

The righteous lippes ar occupied  
in wysdomes talke onely

Ungodly men abuse theyz tongues  
in shame and blasphemy.

E.ii.

Argumen

## The prouerbes of Salomon

Argumentum, Chap. xi.

**E** To dele vpryght here are we taught  
and humble for to be  
And mercy eke commended is  
iorned wyth symplictye

**I**n the lordes sight, & in his eye  
it is a thyng most vyle  
With subtil weight oz mesure false  
thy neyghbour to begyle

But god the lord contrary wyse,  
in trouth doth most delyght  
It is hys wyl that al men should,  
wyth other deale vpryght

The equal weyght & balaunce iust  
to god ryght pleasaunt be  
When that the same vnto al men,  
do yelde wyth equitye

Rebuke & shame do folow pryde,  
in whom that it doth raygne  
But wher ther is humylitye,  
great wysdom doeth remayne  
Who doth not hate w<sup>th</sup> hart, nor mid  
throughtout the world so wide

The

In meter.

The fierce & proude disdaynful mā  
whych is addict to pryde

Who doth not loue vnto theyr po  
the man of humble spyryt (wer  
The way which in doyng good  
to other doeth delyght

The synplenes & meanyng true  
whych godly men assaye  
Doth them direct in holines  
and in the perfyete waye

The wicked craft & will sleighes  
whych in the yll are founde  
Do at y last cast downe the selues,  
and laye them on the ground

The day that god in dome shal sit  
to iudge both good and bad  
What shal y goods the vs preuaile  
which in thys world we had

The iustyce yet & ryghteousnes,  
with chryst to man dyd bryng  
From death shal safe deliuer him  
and from hys deadly synge

The meaning true of simple men,  
E.iii. shall



The Princes of Salomon  
Shall holde them still bypyght  
The wicked trane shal headlōg fal  
for al theyr power & myght

The godlye folke thzough righte  
deliuered be at last (ousnes)

The wycked in theyr owne Deceyte  
shal trapped be full fast

Whē death arrestes the wicked mā  
with his most dreadfull darte  
His hope is gone, for on his goodes  
onely he set his harte

The iust mā is, by the lords helpe  
delyuered from yll

In stede of whom the wycked man  
tormented shal be styl

Beware also of dyssembling men  
for they wyl sone betray (words)  
Their faithful frēd thzough flattrig  
whō so their mouth doth say

But yet the iust and faithful men  
theyr knowledge shal defend  
from al the snares of fyled wordes  
whych wycked men intende

In ager.

If that perchaunce an honest mā  
to welth aduanced be  
The hole citie wherein he dwelleth  
reioyce as wel as he

And if so be a wycked man  
do happen to decaye  
All men be glad that he so sone  
is banished awaye

And so likewise thorough godly me  
a cytye shall encrease  
To which by their good gouernace  
is brought both rest and peace

So that the same in noblenes  
all other shall excell  
As in a ranke of ladies fayne  
some one doth beate the bell

But through y<sup>e</sup> mouth of y<sup>e</sup> wycked  
which honestly do hate  
Hole cōtryes and great regions  
are set at stryfe and hate

Wherby at lēgth the same be broght  
to ruyne and decaye  
And from a fal by no means can  
them selues vpholde and staye

E.iii.

Who

The Proverbs of Salomon.

Who so that doth his frēd despise  
Doth shewe but lyttle wytte  
By thys it semes to lye on earth  
that he is nothyng fyttē

The wyle mā cā euē when he lyst  
from talke hys tongue refrayne,  
Wherby he scapes y dangerous yll  
of hatred and dysdayne

The flattering mā a fayned frend  
that doth nothyng but glose  
Of hys deare frend unfaithfully  
the secretes doth dysclose

But faithful frēds whole doinges  
bryght and also iust (are  
In no wise wyl bewray the thinges  
commytted to theyr trust

And wher ther lacks a gouernour  
both politique and wyle

The people which be vnder hym  
shall fal and neuer ryse

But happy is that region  
whose ruler hath the grace  
To talke of godly counsellours  
to folowe and embrace

Who

In metre

Who so is bound for straungers detts  
doth bryng hym selfe to care  
And is compeld the same to pay  
though he be pooze and bare

But he shal lyue in quyetnes  
and haue no feare at all  
Which taketh hede by suretyshyp  
least he in daunger fall

A woman which is gracypous  
and doth applye her mynde  
The vertuous schole vpo the earth  
is sure great grace to fynde

A ydle hand can at no tyme  
to welthynes attayne

But he is sure the same to wyne  
that laboureth wyth payne

The mā in whose hart mercy wor  
him self doth profyte most (kes  
for mercy from infernall payne  
doth rydde his symple ghost

The cruel man farre other wyse,  
wyth malice and debate  
Euē such as ought be nere to hym,  
doeth persecute and hate



The proverbes of Salomon

Of þe vayne woorkes of wicked men  
no profyte cometh at all  
Theyr doynges are not permanent  
but sure to haue a fall

But who so doeth seke righteous  
and practyse her in dede (nes  
Is sure to haue eternall ioye  
for hys rewarde and nede

And mercy doth prepare the way  
that leadeth vnto blyss  
Yf thou be geuen to wickednes  
of death thou shalt not mysse

The liuing lord doth most abhorre  
the man whose hart is yll  
And onely bent to wickednes  
wyth whole entente and wyl

But he doeth most reioyce in such,  
that in hys worde delyte  
And leade theyr lyues accordyngly  
in sympleness of spyryte

A woman whych in beauty doth,  
all other farre amende  
And hath no good conditions  
her beautye to defende

unto

In metre

Unto a ring of pure good golde  
a man may well compare  
The which a sowe in her foule nose  
continually doeth beare

The iust men do reioyce in god,  
and holynes embrace

But venge vnto all fylthynes  
the wycked runne theyr race

And some ther be þat w<sup>th</sup> their goods  
their neyghbour doth releue  
And yet the same do styll encrease  
though they do largely geue

And some ther be contrary wyse  
that others robbe and pylle

Of ryches great, yet for al that  
they be but beggers styll

The soule of him most blessed is  
and neuer shall haue neade

Which in his store wyth gladsome  
the hongry men doth fede (hart

And so lykewyse he neuer shall  
for lacke of drynke decaye

That vnto him doth reach the cup,  
that trauaileth by the waye

Of

**The proverbes of Salomon**

**The people curse most bitterly  
the tyller of the ground  
which in his barnes no corne at al  
wyl suffre to be found**

**In time of derth, al though he haue  
great plentye and great store.**

**But kepes it close euen purposely  
to make the pryce the more**

**But blessed is he in al mens mou-  
th that whē the corne is skāt (thes  
Brigeth forth his grain, & suffreth  
the market for to want (not**

**He ryseth well, and in good tyme  
for good thinges that doth cal**

**The naughty woorkes of wicked mē  
shal soone oppresse them all**

**Who so in his bayne ryches doth  
put confidence and trust**

**Is sure hereof whē he thīkes least  
to fall into the duste**

**Wher as the iust & faythful man  
shall prosper styll in peace**

**Euen as a tree in the spryng tyme  
doeth budde forth and encrease**

**And**

In metre.

And who þ̄ doth through folly bring  
hys household out of frame

Shal wast his goodes, & in þ̄ ende  
sustayne rebuke and shame

And thē at lēgth for lacke of wyfe  
and spoylyng that was hys

Against his wil the wise mā's nede  
to serue he shal not mysse

The tree of lyfe or heauenly ioye  
is euen the very gayne

A fruite that iust & ryghteous mē,  
shal reape for all theyr payne.

Here endeth the Chapters of the  
Proverbes of Salomon, & here af-  
ter foloweth thre Chapters in or-  
der out of the Boke of the

preacher, otherwyse cal-  
led Ecclesiastes.





# Where begynneth thre Chapters of Ecclesiastes.

Argumentum, Chap. i.

In thys Chapter doth Salomon  
proue all thynges vayne to be  
Onely excepte vnder the Sunne  
Gods trueth and verytye

**I** Salomon sonne of Dauid  
Kinge of Ierusalem (guyd  
whō God hath chose the Jewes to  
And preach hys worde to them  
Affirme to you ryght constantly  
In preaching of wordes playne  
That al thinges are but vanytye  
Yea, all is very vayne  
For in this world ther is no thyng  
That vnder Phebus bryght  
Doth know to haue a long beyng  
To raygne wyth power or myght  
Alas therfore what stable fruyte  
May men in thys worlde fynde  
In that they seke with paynful sute  
The trauel of theyr mynde  
For we that liue on earth most vile  
Draw

**Ecclesiastes**

Prato towardeſ our decaye  
Our children fyl our place a while  
And then they fade away  
Al worldly thiſ doth chāge & ſwar  
The earth remoues for none (ue  
But for a place it doth vs ſerue  
To playe our partes vpon  
When that the reſtles ſunne w haſt  
Weſtwardes her courſe doth runne  
Towardes the eaſt he hyes aſ faſt  
To ryſe wher he begunne  
When hoozy bozeas boysterous  
Hath blownen hyſ froſen blaſt  
The gentyll breath of zephirus  
Dyſſolues the yſe aſ faſt  
The fluddes & drinke vp brookes ſo  
And ſwel by rage of rayne (ſmall  
The ſeaſ aſ faſt repulſe them all  
And ſwalowes them agayne  
Thiſ worldly pleaſure, lord eterne  
Doeth runne ſo ſwyft a race  
that ſcarſe our eies may thē diſterne  
They byde ſo lytle ſpace  
What hath bene eaſt, & iſ not now  
And

The prouerbes of Salomon  
And lyke here after shall  
That new deuyse what man doeth  
That sewer is not to fal (knowe  
what new thing may a mā cōtrue  
But soch thynges in tyme past  
Hath tyme buryed & doth reuyue  
And tyme againe shall wast  
Thynges þ̄ haue bene ye know wel  
Hath now no bzute at all (how  
Euē so shal dye such thynges þ̄ now  
The symple wonders call  
For I kyng of Ierusalem  
Whom god hath chosen to teach  
Ouer the Jewes to gouerne them.  
And hys wysdom to preach  
Haue serched lōg to know w̄ stryfe  
All thynges vnder the Sunne  
To se how in thys mortal lyfe  
A sewerty myght be wonne  
A kyndled wyl we haue to know  
And straunge thynges to requyre  
Which oft times doth vs ouerthzo  
In tormētys for our hyze (we  
The ende therfore of trauayles all  
Forth

otherwise called Ecclesiastes  
forth with I sought to know  
I found it bayne myred wyth gall  
And burdende wyth moch woo  
Of natures workes I vnderstand  
The faultes may none restore  
Which be in number lyke the sande  
Upon the salte floudde shore  
The vaunting in my wyt I thought  
To call vnto my mynde  
What rules of wisdō I had taught  
That elders could not fynde  
And as by contraries we speake  
To trye most thinges we vse  
Mens folyes and their errours eke  
I gan them all paruse  
Therby with moze delight of mind  
To knowledg for to clyme  
An endles worke I dyd it fynde  
Of payne and losse of tyme  
For he to scole of Sapiens  
That doth applye hys mynde  
The moze he doeth hys dyllygence  
The greater doubt shal fynde  
And al soch men as enterpryse



The Booke of the Preacher  
To put newe thynges to vze  
Of some that shal scozne their deuf  
May wel the selues asure. (se

Argumentum, Chap. ii.

How the vngodly men obiecte  
Salomon doth recorde  
All thynges are vayne in the respecte  
Of God the lypunge lord

(wayes

**H**ow pensyue fācies the strayght  
I gan myne hart reuoke  
And gaue me to such sportig plaies  
As laughter myght prouoke  
Soch vaine delighes for my pastā  
When they most blynded me (se  
We thought a smiling cōtinaūce  
A kynge dyd yll agree  
I sought to please dyllyciously  
My bely then wyth wyne  
To fede me fat with meates costly  
Of rare delyghtes and fyne  
And other pleasures of my mynde  
To purchase me wyth rest  
In se great choyse the thing to fynd  
That might contente me best

But

other myre called Ecclesiastes

But lord what care of mind vnpure  
What sodayne stormes of yre  
What broken slepe dyd I endure  
To compas my desyre.  
To bulde me houses farre and gay  
Then set I al my cure  
By pryncely actes to stryue alway  
And make my fame endure  
Delytious gardens to my mynde  
I made to please my syght  
Wher in grew fruite of euery kynd  
That my mouth myght delyght  
Liuely springes by conduytes clere  
From theyr olde course I drewe  
The fruyteful trees to freshe & che  
That in my garden grewe (re  
In lytle space also I bredde  
Of cattell great encrease  
I gaue my bodimen wiues to wedde  
Whych serued me wyth peace  
Great heapes also of shyning golde  
By sparyng some I gaue  
Indewed with ryches many fold  
As fyttes a prynce to haue

The Role of the Preacher

To heare fayre womē syng & taunt  
Sometyme I dyd reioyce  
Rauyshed with their tunes plesaunt  
And swetenes of theyr voyce  
Lemans I had so fayre that space  
And of so lyuelye hewe  
That who so gased in theyr face  
Myght wel theyr bewty rewe  
Ther neuer late a kyng certayne  
So ryche in Dauids seate  
Yet stil me thought for so smal gain  
The trauayle was to greate  
Yet frō the wyndowes of my mynd  
I had no plesaunt syght  
Nor frō my hart of myrth no kynd  
That myght geue them delyght  
Which was the only fruyte that I  
Dyd reape of all my payne  
To please my harte and fede myne  
No, thys was al my gayne (eye  
but whē to make my couēt I thought  
Wyth how great care of mynde  
And hartes vnrest & I had soughte  
So wastful fruyte to fynde

Then

otherwise called Ecclesiastes.

Then was I stricken straight & hit  
wyth that abused fyre  
To glory in that goodly wyte  
That compass my desyre  
But then a freshe before myne eyes  
Grace dyd my faulces renew  
What good callinge I dyd despyse  
My rewen to pursue  
Of ragig pleasures past I thought  
Perilles and harde escape  
What fāsyes in my head had wzou-  
The lyquore of the grape (gh  
Therefore they runne in errours all  
Whose fraile hartes doth thē moue  
To stryue in bayne to be equall  
Wyth hym that syts aboue  
In whose most perfit workes I say  
Such craft appeareth playne  
That to the least of them ther may  
No mortall man attayne  
And lyke as lyght frō day so breme  
Doeth shyne aboue the nyght  
So darke to me dyd folysseme  
And wysdomes beames as byghte  
J.iii. whose



The booke of the meacher  
Whose eyes did shoue so bryght & shy  
Notes to deserue & fynde (ne  
But wyl had closed folyes epen  
Who groped lyke the blynde  
Yet death & tyme cōsumes w scath  
All wyt and worldly fame  
And loke what ende that foly hath  
And wysdom hath the same  
thē thought I this, o lord of myght  
May not then wysdom cure  
The woful wzōges, w hard cōflict  
That foly doth endure  
To sharpe my wytte so fyne to reche  
Then why toke I thys payne  
Now wel I finde this noble serche  
May eke be called bayne  
As flaunders brypte and barbarus  
Is folyes iust rewarde  
Whiche time to silēce doth trācebus  
And bryng to smale regarde  
In lyke maner doth tyme Defeate  
The noble blast of fame  
Whiche shuld resōūd the glozy great  
That doeth deserue the same  
Thus presēt chaunges haue chased

otherwyse called Ecclesiastes.

Away the wonders past  
He is the wyse mans fatall threde  
Yet longer sponne to last  
thē on this wretched bale dowtles  
Our lyfe I lothed playne  
Whē I beheld our paines fruyteles  
To compas pleasures bayne  
Our trauayls great w painful sute  
Is vaine as ye shal know (fruite  
For eyres vnknownen shal reape the  
That we with payne dyd scowe  
But god y al thynges vnderstandes  
Who can hym selfe incline  
For to know into whose hādes  
I shal my goodes resygne  
But lord how pleasant & how swete  
Semeth the ydel lyfe  
That neuer felt of care one whyt  
Nor burdyned wyth stryfe  
And vile the greedy trade so brute  
Of them that toyle so sore  
To leaue to soch theyr trauayls fru  
That neuer sweet therfore (te  
What is that pleasaūt gaine at last  
I.iii. which

The booke of the preacher  
Whych is that swete relefe  
That shuld delaye the bytter tast  
We fele of al our grefe  
Our gladsome daies a simple gain  
To seke a way we passe  
The nyght to fede a restless bryne  
Be broken slepes alas  
What is left vs then to be had  
What comfort doeth remayne  
Reioyce our hartes & make it glad  
Wyth the fruyte of our payne  
Yf that be trew him selfe who may  
A man so happy call  
As I whose spence I dare wel saye  
Doth shyne beyonde them al  
A gracious gyft it is surely  
And fauour of the Lorde  
Our goodes to spende lyberally  
The ground of al dyscord (so  
And wretched harts haue they who  
Doeth let theyr treasure mould  
And beare the rod of all theyr wo  
That glory in theyr goulde  
But I by prose do vnderstand

whose

otherwyse called Ecclesiastes  
Whose ryches beare soch bzute  
what stable welth in wast may stād  
In heappnge of soch frute

Argumentum, Chap. iii

All earthly thynges haue tyme and space  
No moitall thyng is good  
How wrong is ser in inapce place  
And drinks the gyltes bloud

(wonne

**O**f eche thing that on erth doeth  
Is none deuoyde of cryme  
And euery thyng vnder the sonne  
Is subiect vnto tyme  
For why the man begot of late  
As we were al and some (pate  
Shal turne to ground whē death his  
Shal hvt in tyme to come  
And eke the gastes we plāt w pain  
In hope to haue the fruyte  
To roote them vp in tyme agayne  
Is all our whole pursuyte  
The sede eke that we laboured  
To grow with paynfull swette  
In tyme agayne to cut & shred  
It is our common feate

And



The Boke of the preacher

And somtyme fortunes thzearning  
Doth make vs to cōplayne (chere  
But euery pleasaunt trane of her  
Reioyce our hartes agayne  
Somtime old byldigs down to cast  
Is our vnstable gyse  
And w those stones agayne at laste  
We buyld some new deuysse  
New fansyes ryle styl in our bzaine  
Which fade returninge mo  
And now we pzactyse to attayne  
That streyght we must forgo  
Somtyme to spare we set our wyte  
That after wardes we wast  
And that we trauayle for to knyght  
For to vnloose as faste  
Somtyme in sobze sylence eke  
Our quyet lyppes we close  
but whē vnbridled tōgues do speake  
They do our hartes disclose  
Soch as in folded armes somwhyle  
We dyd imbrace we hate  
w th strayght agayne we reconcyle  
And banysh al debate

So

otherwyse called Ecclesiastes

So small is our commodities  
Of al our paynes I see  
We wast our lyues in countreyes  
That neuer shall agree  
For al these heauy cares from god  
Are sent for our vnestes  
wyth all our welth that heuy lood  
He freyghtes styll our brestes  
All that þe wroughtest lorde of blythe  
Hath beautye and good grace  
Of the eche thyng assigned is  
Hys proper tyme and place  
Thou graūtedst eke to mā the fame  
Of all the worldes estate  
And of eche thing wrought in the sa  
To argue and debate (me  
which act though it apzoch & reach  
The heauenly knowledg most  
The natural course of thigs to sear  
Yet al is labour lost (che  
But yet the windowes of my mynd  
That longe for suerty soughte  
No wealth wout great paine could  
In this world to be bought (fynd  
Ther

The Boke of the Breacher

Therefore his hart þe doth not synke  
In sekynge greedy thyrft  
But frely spendes his goodes may  
It is a secrete gyft (think  
For it shall be fulfylde I say  
What so the lord intende  
Which no deuyse of mans wyt may  
Apayre ne yet amende (ght  
For he hath made eche thig of nou-  
That Adam's chyldren myght  
Lerne for to drede þe lord þe wrought  
Soch wonders in theyr syght  
Great wonders past ryght worthy  
Which now ar out of mynd (praise  
To be renewed in our dayes  
The Lord hath so assynde  
Lo, thus thys carefull scourge god  
Doth steale on vs vnware (wote  
Which whē þe flesh hath clene forgot  
He doeth agayne repayre  
When I in this vayne search anone  
Had wandred from my wyt  
Behelde I sawe a ryall throne  
Wher iustyce shuld haue syt

In

otherwyse called Ecclesiastes.

In steade of whom I saw a geast  
wyth fierce and cruel mode  
wher wzōg was set that cruel beast  
And dranke the gyltles bloud  
Then dyd I maruayle soze and saye  
when god shal syt in dome  
This wycked folke vpon that day  
He shal them ouercome  
For why to syt in iudgemente seate  
Vnto the Lorde is dewe  
On good on bad, on small & great  
He shall geue sentence trewe  
But I perceaued in continent  
Thys rod that god dyd sende  
To scourge proud hartes & dyd inuēt  
wyth god for to contende  
Theyr errour proud for to confute  
And for to make them see  
That the diffar frō beastes brute  
Ryght lyttle in degree  
For who so doeth not knowledge  
In thys can do no lesse  
Then of his hart so arrogant  
The errour to confesse

For



The booke of the preacher  
For whē that death shall hym arrest  
And dye as other doo  
Thē shall hys death be lyke a beast  
As was hys lyfe also  
But onely for the soule elect  
To lyue eternally  
Both man & beast are lyke subiect  
To very vanytye  
For why the forme so excellent  
That god gaue vnto man  
Or other beast it shall relent  
To earth wher it began  
And who can tel vs readelye  
Whether mans soule ascend  
Or wyth the body yf it dye  
And to the grounde dyscende  
Wherfore eche hart of gready sute  
That ryches sekes to gayne  
Gather may he the sauery fruite  
that springeth of hys payne  
But yf we haue conueniently  
Let vs take it in worth  
And wyth our handes myserably  
Eke let vs poure it forth

other wyse called Ecclesiastes.  
For trespase spent while life doth hold  
The body doth sustayne (De  
Else other men most wast theyr gold  
That we haue got wyth payne  
And in this life what mans foresight  
Doeth know who shal possesse  
the goods wherin they dyd delyght  
And got wyth paynfulnes.

Finis.

¶ Here endeth these thre Chapters  
of Ecclesiastes, and here after fo-  
loweth the sixte Chapter of  
Sapientia or Booke of  
Wysdome.



## **C**The. vi. Chapter of Sapientia.

**T**he kynges and rulers of the worlde  
the wyse man here doeth call

Yf they to wysdom wyl not cleave  
god wyl them punyssh all

**W**ysdom is a moch better thyng  
w<sup>th</sup> strength & force to fyght  
.. A wise man is more worth also  
than strong men much of myght

Hearc o ye kynges and vnderstand  
be wyse therfore and learnde  
By whom the matters of the earth  
be iudged and desernde

Geue eare to me, I saye: all ye  
that rule the multytude  
Which in moch people haue Delight  
and all thynges shulde conclude

For power & strength is geue<sup>n</sup> you,  
of god the lord most hye  
He shal serche out that you inuent  
and al your woorkes wyl trye

How that you beyng officers  
vnder hys kyngly trone  
Yow dyd not iudgement execute  
as vnto hym is knowen

And

In metre.

And how you haue not kept y<sup>e</sup> law  
of rihgteousnes I saye

Nor haue not done his blessed wyl,  
nor walked in hys waye

Ful horribly and that ryght sone,  
to you he shall appeare

Foz ryght hard iudgemēt shal they  
that power & rule doth beare (haue

Mercy vnto the synple men  
god graunt wyth good intent.

But they that beare auctozite  
shal haue soze punyshment

Foz god, that is the lord of all  
and iudgeth very ryght

Shal stād in awe of nomās power  
hys greatnes oz his myght

Foz he hath made the smal & great  
hys care on all is bente

But they that be of might shal haue  
the sozer punyshmente

Ye kynges echone to you therfore  
doo I now speake all thys

Because that you may wisdō learne  
that you go not amys

G.i.

Foz



Sapientia, Chap, vi.

For they that righteousness doth  
shalbe iudged righteously (kepe  
They are lerned in righteous thin-  
Hall answere redelye (ges

Wherfore loue wel my wordes I  
and on them set your lust (saye  
So shall you wel by nortoure come  
in season due and iust

For wysdom is a noble thyng  
awaye she wyl not moue  
And she is sene full easely  
of them that doth her loue

Them that to her haue a desyre  
them she doeth pzeuent

So that she may shew first her selfe  
to them wyth good intent

Who so awaketh to her betyme  
shal haue no great trauayle  
For at hys dooze he shall her fynde  
She shall hym neuer fayle

Ryght perfectly they vnderstande  
that thynketh her vpon  
And they that watch for her shalbe  
ryght safe and that anon

For

In metre.

For she alway about doth go  
and seeketh euery where  
for soch as shuld for her be mete  
and god doth loue and fere

Full cherefully before theyr eyes  
her selfe she doth forth showe  
And meteth them with dilygence  
because they should her know

For the desyre vnfaynde and true  
of refozmacyon

Is her begynnynge and her ground  
that she is buylt vpon

To care for nortoure loue it is  
ye loue wyth hys prudence  
And loue is keepynge of her lawes  
and that wyth dyligence

It is perfectyd to kepe the lawes  
and ryghtly doth accorde  
An vncorrupt lyfe maketh a man  
famplyar with the lord.

Yf your delyght in royall seates  
and scepters than shulde be  
Ye kynges that do the people rule  
I saye harken vnto me

G.ii

And

Sapientia, Chap, vi,

And vpon wysdom set y<sup>e</sup> bur lusk  
I saye to you therfore  
That you may raygne in great glo  
with god for euermore (cp

O loue the lyght al ye that rule  
the congregatyon

And I wyl make of wysdom a nowel:  
a declaration

What wysdō is, how she came by p  
I wyl tell you thys tyde  
The mysteryes of god the lozde  
from you I wyl not hyde

But I wyl seke her out in dede  
That al men shall it see  
Yea, from the fyrst ozyginall  
of her natiuptye

And byrnyng the knowledg of he r  
and shew you al the grouūd (lygh t  
And as for keepyng backe the truet h  
in me shall not be founde

Neither wyl I haue ought to do  
wyth enuye and dysdayne  
For why: soch men in no wyse may e  
to wysdom apertayne

The

In Metre.

The multitude of wyse mē makes  
the world ioyfull to be  
A wyse kynge doth hys realme by=  
wyth ryght and quite (hold

¶ Now receaue ye noztur then  
it is a blessed foode  
And let my wordes be your counceyl  
and it shall do you good.

¶ Here endeth the. vi. Chapter of  
Sapientia, and here after fo=  
loweth the. ix. Chapter of  
Ecclesiasticus.





## The. ix. Chapter of Ecclesiasticus.

Argumentum. Chap. ix.

How that men shal be bedaued them selfe  
wyt wyues that be theyr wyues  
An olde frende is the bea of all  
For he is trewly knowen

**B**e not gelous ouer thy wyfe  
But kepe thy house woutē strife  
That she shew not some point of yf  
Of wicked doctrine the to spyll  
Geue not thy power nor yet thy lyfe  
Vnto an whore that maketh stryfe  
Least she redound, wth thy strength  
And so cōfound, thy foule at length  
Loke þ not thē, on women nought  
That vpon men, set al their thought  
And vpon soch, set not thy care  
Least that she twich, the in her snare  
Se thou eschew, thy selfe alway  
From her that vse, to daunce & play  
Heare thou her not, in any wyse  
Tho she ful oft, do the intyse  
Behold not a mayde, I say to the  
Least thou be dismaid, of her beauty  
Cast not thy mynd, on harlots then

In egipt.

Now on the kynd of euyl women  
Least thou destroy thy selfe in age  
And eke annoy thyne heretage  
Be not gasinge I saye to the  
At euery thyng in the cytye  
Do not wandze in euery strete  
But be in feare the euyl to mete  
And turne away thy face her fro  
The womā gap wil worke much wo  
And loke not on the great beauty  
Of any one vnknownen to the  
For many me the which did stave  
On straunge women & were so fayre  
Were perished thzough their desyre  
Which kindled lyke burning fyre  
An aduouterous woman with yre  
She shalbe thus trade in the myze  
Vnder the fete as doat and clay  
Of al that goeth vpon the way  
Many a man wonder haue had  
Of a strage womā were they not mad  
Yes, for they were as cleane outcast  
Her wordes did fare as a fierie blast  
Thus kepe the styl in godly lyfe

G.iiii.

Set

The. ix. Chapter of Ecclesiasticus

Set not thy wyl on another mans.  
Syt not w her at any sted (wyfe)  
Lye not with her vpon the bed  
No talke w her make thou at wine  
Least that to her þ shuldest encline  
And so thou & thy bloud shuld fall  
And on the lande destroyed all  
Forsake not you a good olde frende  
For soch a new thou shalt not fynde  
For a new frend is lyke new wyne  
Which is not kynd tyl it be syne  
Let him be hold then shalt þ be sure  
To drinke hi be bold w great pleasure  
Do not desyre, the honour therfore  
That a synner doth kepe in store  
Thou doest not know the destructiō  
The which doth flow & come the on  
Kepe þ fro þ nē þ hath power to slay  
thou needest not tha of death to fray  
And thou make w him no stryfe  
Least that he take fro the thy lyfe  
Remember how in the cyyte  
Thou syl doest go in leoparde  
and take good heed of an euil neibor  
Least

In metre

Least with his dede, he the deuoure  
Wyth wyse men be, in company  
It shall do the, great honestye  
Lest iust mē be, thy gesses alwayes  
And merely, geue god the prayse  
See euer styl, that thou be kynde  
And w good wyl, kepe god in mind  
Let al the wordes, with good intēt  
Be on the lordes, commaundement  
the crafts mā, maketh gorgeous eit  
Al other then, doth it cōmend (De  
Princes that rule, theyr people wel  
ful oft they wyl, of wysdom tel  
A mā that manye, wordes doth vse  
A wyse mā than, wyl them refuse  
For soch a one, I say to the  
Doth make moch mone, in a cytie  
There is so moch, tyme rye  
Wythout it soch, men can not be  
He is past shame, I say therfore  
He shal him blame, and eke haboure

¶ Here endeth the. ix. Chap. of Eccle-  
siasticus.

Certayne



**C**ertayne Psalmes of David  
Drawen into metre.

Benedicā dominū in omni. psa. XXXiiii

How god doth kepe good men  
and he wyl them defende  
How for to leade a godly lyfe  
If you do so intende

**I** Wyl vnto the lord  
be geuyng thanks alwayes  
My mouth & tongue shal euer be  
a speaking to his prayse

My soule shall make her boast  
in god the lord of myght  
The poore opprest shal heare therof  
and gladly shall deliyght

I do you now exhorste  
o prayse the lord wyth me  
Together with an humble harte  
his name to magnifye

For I besought the lord  
he harde me by and by  
And out of al my payne and wo  
he dyd deliuer me

Then receyue the lyght  
and to hym drawe you nere  
And then wythouten shamefastnes

In metre

your faces shal appeare

This pooze man cryed to god  
and he dyd heare hys prayer

And from hys troubles euery one  
Delyuered hym ful saye

The aungell of the lord  
doeth pytche his tente ful rounde  
About al the that both him feare  
to kepe them safe and sounde

How frendly is the lord  
o tast and se who lust  
And blessed is that man therfore  
that in him putteth hys trust

O feare the lord hys sayntes  
se that ye do him please  
For they that feare him lacke nothing  
but euer shal haue ease

The ryche shal hunger moch  
and want that lyving foode  
But they that seke y lord shal lacke  
nothing that which is good

Come hether o you babes  
and harken to my voyce  
I shal you teach the feare of god

and

The psalmes of Dauid  
and therin to reioyce

Who so lusteth to lyue  
and se good dayes is fayne  
Let him his tongue & lippees kepe  
all euyl to refrayne.

Let them eschewe al yll  
do good and neuer cease  
And let hym seke and eke insew  
to lyue in rest and peace

The eyes of god are set  
vpon the ryghteous men  
Hys eares are open to theyr prayers  
and he prouydeth for them

The face of god also  
the wycked men doth se  
Them to destroy out of the earth  
and al the memozye

When ryghteous men do crye  
the lord doth heare theyr mone  
And from theyr troubles by and by  
he wyl them helpe anone

The lord is nere to them  
that are in hart contryte  
And he wyl helpe soch as be meke  
and of an humble spyryte

In metre.

The troubles of good men  
although that they be great  
The lord shal helpe them out of all  
and saye wyl them intreate

He kepeth al theyr bones  
together safe and sounde

So that not one of them is broke  
wyth any strype or wounde

But yet myffortune greate  
the wycked men shal kyl  
And they that hate the ryghteous  
shalbe accused of yll

The lord wyl the soule saue  
of them that doth hym serue  
And al that put theyr trust in hym  
that they shal neuer swarue.

Deus in nomine tuo. psal. liiii

Howe that the ryghteous man  
for helpe to god doth cal  
And howe that he for couraunte  
had hys despres all

**H** Or helpe I call to the o god,  
because that I haue nede  
For thi names sake & in thy strength  
delyuer me wyth spede

Hearre



The psalmes of Dauid

Hearc my prayer my god my king  
whan I to the shal praye  
Consyder well the wordes of me  
that I to the wyl saye

The straungers & the myghteones  
agaynst me doth surreckt  
Whiche haue not god before their ey  
my soule they wold infect (es

But lo, god is my helpe at nede  
yea, onely it is he

That doth vphold my soule in dede  
from theyr iniquitye

And euyl shal the lord reward  
vnto myne enemyes

And in thy truth thou shalt destroye  
them that do the despyse

I wyl offre to the o Lorde  
and geue thy name the prayse

O lord because thou comfortest me  
and helpest me alwayes

For thou lord hast delpyered me  
from all myne agonyes

So that myne eye seeth hys despyre  
vpon myne enemyes

Beatus

In metre.

Beatus vir qui timet Psalm. Cxli

The ryghteous man that feareth god  
shal be ryghte sae and sure  
wyth fayth hys enemyes to wythstande  
and strongly shal endure

**T**he man is blest þe feareth God  
and walketh in hys way  
And to kepe hys commaundementes  
delyghteth nyght and day

Hys sede shal stil with might & po  
wpō the earth prosper (wer

The faythful generatyon shal  
be blessed in lyke maner

Ryches, ioy & plenteousnes  
in hys house shal be sure

Andeke I saye hys ryghteousnes  
for euer shal endure

In darkenes to the godly man  
ther ryseth vp a lyght

Whiche sheweth mercy louingly  
and walke the way of ryght

Wel is he that mercyfull is  
and lendeth wyth good wyll

And wyth dyscrecyon euermore  
hys wordes doth ponder styl

For

The psalmes of Dauid

For moued shall he neuer be  
his righteousness shall sure  
Be had in remembraunce  
that euer shall endure

Whē he doth heare of tidinges yf  
he wyl not be afrayde  
Hys hart beleueth assuredly  
the lord wyl be hys ayde

Hys hart is surely stablyshed  
he wyl not shrinke vntyll  
That he vpon hys enemyes  
hath hys desyre and wyl

For he hath dealt abrode ful wel  
and geuen to the poore  
Hys righteousness remayneth still  
both now and euermore

Hys horne shall be exalted still  
wyth power and eke wyth myghte  
The which whā wicked mē shall se  
ther at they wyl haue spyght

And thē shall he gnashe w<sup>th</sup> his teeth  
and consume them awaye  
The vngodly and theyr desyre  
for euer shall decaye.

In

In metre.

In exitu Israel de Egipto: Psalm, cxliii.

How god the lypnyng lord  
for Israell dyd prepare  
By myracles and wondets worke  
kyng Dauid best declare,

**W**han Israell dyd procede  
forth of the Egypt lande.  
And the house of Jacob, from  
the fozen peoples hande

Juda then was made  
hys sanctuary sure  
And Israell hys dominion  
for euer to endure

The sea saw that and fledde  
wythouten moze delaye  
And Jordan turned backe also  
euen from hys wonted waye

The mountaines lyke as rammes  
they skyped by and by  
The lytle hylles like as yong shepe  
they leped vp on hys

O sea what ayled the  
so fast awaye to flee  
Thou Jordan that y turnedst backe  
and that so sodaynly

H. 6

What



The psalmes of Dauid

For moued shall he neuer be  
his righteousness shall sure  
be had in remembraunce  
that euer shall endure

When he doth heare of tidinges yf  
he wyl not be afrayde  
Hys hart beleueth assuredly  
the lord wyl be hys ayde

Hys hart is surely stablyshed  
he wyl not shrinke vntyll  
That he vpon hys enemyes  
hath hys desyre and wyl

For he hath dealt abrode ful wel  
and geuen to the poore  
Hys righteousness remayneth still  
both now and euermore

Hys horne shall be exalted still  
wyth power and eke wyth myghte  
The which whā wicked mē shall se  
ther at they wyl haue spyght

And the shall he gnashe w<sup>th</sup> his teeth  
and consume them awayne  
The vngodly and theyr desyre  
for euer shall decaye.

In

In metre.

In exitu Israel de Egipto: Psalm, cxliii.

How god the lyping lord  
for Israell dyd prepare  
By myracles and wondets worke  
kyng David doth declare,

**W**han Israell dyd procede  
forth of the Egypt lande.  
And the house of Jacob, from  
the fozen peoples hande

Juda then was made  
hys sanctuary sure  
And Israell hys dominion  
for euer to endure

The sea saw that and fledde  
wythouten moze delaye  
And Jordan turned backe also  
euen from hys wonted waye

The mountaines lyke as rammes  
they skyped by and by  
The lytle hylles like as yong shepe  
they leped vp on hys

O sea what ayled the  
so fast awaye to flee  
Thou Jordan that y turnedst backe  
and that so sodaynly

H. i

What

The Psalmes of Dauid

What ayled those mountaynes  
lyke rammes for to skyppe  
You lytle hylles so lyke yong shepe  
what caused you to lyppe

What caused earthly thynges  
thus fearefully to shake

At the presence of Jacobs god  
the earth dyd tremble and quake

Whych turned rockes full harde  
to standyng waters sure

The flint stones into springig wels  
the whych were very pure.

Non nobis domine: Psalm, cxv,

Of them that do in pdales truste  
kyng David doth vs tel

And them that set on god theyr luge  
he wyl defende them wel,

**N**ot vnto vs o lyuyng lorde  
Not vnto vs I saye (corde  
But to thy name wyth one ac-  
let vs geue prayse alway

Then wherfore shal the heathē say  
to vs at any tyme

Wher is now theyr god become  
of whom they synge in tyme

As

Tri metre.

As for our god we say agayne  
he is in heauen hye  
He doth on erth what pleasech hym  
howe can ye thys Denye

As for theyz ydols, what be they  
they are but syluer and golde  
The woꝝkes of men they be I saye  
they are both dead and colde

They haue mouthes & yet speake  
and eyes haue they also (not  
Yet can they se nothyng at all  
that goeth to or fro

And thei haue eares & cā not heare  
what ye to them both saye  
Noses haue they & smell nothyng,  
by nyght noz yet by daye

They haue hādes and handle not  
they haue no maner grace  
Fete haue they yet go they not  
noz moue not from theyz place

They that made them let the be  
lyke vnto them therfoze  
And lyke al such as put theyz trust  
in them for euermoze

H.ii.

But



The Psalmes of David

But let the house of Israell  
trust in the lyving lord  
He wyl them succour and defend  
accordinge to his worde

And let the house eke of Aaron  
trust in the lord alwaye  
He is theyr succor and defence  
to kepe them nyght and day

All ye that feare the lord I saye  
in hym put confydence  
You may be sure that he wyl be  
your succor and defence

The lord is myndfull of vs al  
and blesteth vs full well  
He blessed the house of Aaron  
and eke of Israell

Thē that feare him, thē blesteth he  
ye both the great and smal  
The lord increase you more & more  
you and your chyl dren al

Ye are the blessed of the lord  
as he hym selfe doth saye

The which did make both heauē &  
and created night and day (earth  
for

In metre

For al the heauens are the lordes  
euen as it is hys wyll

The earth he hath destributed  
the sonnes of men vntyl

The dead do not prayse the o lord  
as we maye truely tell

No more do they I am ryght sure  
that go downe into hell

But we that be alyue o Lorde  
we wyll to the geue prayse  
From this time forth and euermore  
that is to saye alwayes.

Against nigardie and ryches.

**N**O wyght in this worlde,  
that wealth can attayne

Unlesse he beleue,  
that all is but vayne

And loke how it cometh,  
so lette it goo

As tydes vse theyr tymes,  
to ebbe and to floo.

Thys mucke on the molde,

¶.iii.

that

A ballade  
that men so desyre  
Doth worke them much woo,  
and moue them to yre  
Wyth grefe it is got,  
wyth care it is kept:  
Wyth sorowe sone losse,  
that longe hath bene repte.  
And wo worth the man,  
that fyrst dolue the molde  
To fynde out the myne,  
of syluer or golde.  
For when it laye hydde,  
and to vs vnknown  
Of stryfe and debate  
the seede was not sown.  
Then lyued men well,  
and helde them contente  
Wyth meate, drynke, and cloth,  
wythout any rente  
Theyr houses but pooze,  
to shroude them selues in  
For castels, and towers,  
were then to begynne  
No towne had hys wall,

they

A ballade  
they feared no warre  
Nor enemyes hoste,  
to seke them a farre  
So ledde they theyz lyues,  
in quyet and rest  
Tyll hoozde began hate  
from east vnto west.  
And golde for to growe  
a lorde of great pryce:  
Whiche chaunged the world,  
from vertue to vyce  
And turned all thyng,  
so farre from hys kynd,  
That how it should be  
is worne out of mynde.  
For riches beare now,  
the fame and the brute  
And is onely the cause  
of all our pursuite  
Whiche maketh among vs  
such mischiefe to raygne:  
And shal tyl we seke,  
the right way agayne  
When mariage was made



A ballade  
for vertue and loue  
Then was no deuorice  
goddes knotte to remoue  
When iudges would suffer,  
no byrbes in theyr syghte  
Theyr iudgementes were then,  
accoordynge to ryght,  
When prelates had not,  
possession nor rent:  
They preached the trouth,  
and trulpe they wente.  
When men dyd not flatter,  
for fauoure nor mede  
Then kynges herde the trouth  
and howe the worlde yede  
And men vnto honour,  
thzough vertue dyd ryse  
But all thys is turned,  
cleane contrarpe wyse  
For money maketh all,  
and ruleth as a God  
Whych ought not to be,  
for Chzyst it forbod  
And bade that we shoulde

take

A Ballade

take nothyng in hande  
But for the lordes lorie  
and wealth of the lande  
And wylleth vs full ofte,  
that we shoulde refrayne  
From wrestyng hys wyll,  
to make oure owne gayne  
For couetous folke,  
of euerye estate  
As hardye shall entre,  
wythin heauen gate.  
As thowwe a nedles eye,  
a camell to crepe;  
Why do these mad men,  
then hooorde vp and kepe.  
Yea moze then maye serue,  
them selues to suffyce:  
As though perfyte blysse,  
shoulde that waye aryse  
But yf they would suffer  
to synke in theyr breste  
What trouble of mynde,  
what ynquyet rest  
What myschpyse, what hate,

thys

A ballade  
thyng money doth bypnyge  
¶ They would not so toyle  
for so vile a thing.  
¶ For they that haue much,  
are euer in care  
¶ Which way to wyne  
and how for to spare  
¶ Their slepes be vnfounde  
for feare of the thefe  
¶ The losse of a lytle,  
doth worke them much griefe  
¶ In sekynge their lacke,  
the want that they haue  
¶ And subiect to that,  
which should be theyr slaue.  
¶ They neuer do knowe,  
whyle ryches do raygne  
¶ A frende of effect,  
from him that doth fayne  
¶ For flatterers seke,  
where fortune doth dwell  
¶ And when that she loureth,  
they byd them farewell:  
¶ The pooze doth them curse

A Ballade

as oft as they want  
In hauing so muche,  
to make it so skant  
Their chyldzen sometyne  
Do wyshe them in graue  
That they myght possesse  
the ryches they haue  
And that whych they wyne  
wyth trauaile and stryfe:  
Ofte times as we see  
Doth coste them theyr lyfe.  
Lo, these be the frutes  
that ryches bryng forth  
wyth many other mo  
which be no more worth  
For money is cause,  
of murder and thefte  
Of battell, and bloudshedde  
which would god were leste  
Of raupne, of wzonge,  
of false wytnes bearyng  
Of treason conspyred,  
and eke of falswearyng.  
And for to be shorte,

and



A ballade  
and knytte by the knotte  
Fewe myschyeses at all,  
that money makes not  
But thoughe it be yll,  
when it is abused  
Yet neuertheles,  
it maye be well vsed.  
For I do not fynde,  
that men be denyed:  
For suffycient thynges,  
them selues to prouyde  
Accordynge as God  
hath put them in place:  
To haue and to holde,  
a tyme and a space  
So it be well worne,  
and after well spent:  
For it is not theyrs,  
but for that intente  
And yf they so do,  
then is it good skyl  
They haue that is mete  
to vse at theyr wyl  
As pryestes should not take

promo

A ballade.

promotyngs in hande  
To lyue at theyr ease  
lyke Lordes of the lande  
But onelye to fede  
god's flocke wyth the trouthe  
To preache, and to teache  
wythout any flouthe.  
For folke shoulde not nede  
great ryches to wyne:  
But godlye to lyue  
and to flee synne  
Hys wyl for to worke  
that is theyr soules health  
And then may they thynke  
they lyue in moch wealth  
For in thys vayne worlde,  
that we be nowe in  
Is nothyng but myserye,  
myschyeffe, and synne  
Temptacyon, vntrouthe,  
contencyon and stryfe:  
Then let vs not sette  
by so vyle a lyfe  
But lyfte vp oure eyes,

and

A ballade.

and loke through our fayth  
Beholdyng hys mercyes  
that many tymes sayeth  
The iuste men shal lyue  
by their good beliefe  
And shal haue a place,  
where can be no grieve  
But gladnes and mirth  
that none can amende  
Unspeakeable ioyes  
whych neuer shal ende  
Wyth pleasures that passe  
all that we haue sought  
Felicities suche,  
as can not be thought.  
Whych place they shal haue  
that hys wyll entendes  
Wyth lyfe euerlastyng,  
and thus my tale endes.  
Fins.

**The Contentes of thys  
Boke.**

**An Epyſtle dedicatozpe**

**Certayne Leſſons**

**xj. Chapters of the Prouerbes of  
Salomon.**

**Thze Chapters of the Boke of th:  
Pzeacher, otherwyſe called Eccle:  
aſtes.**

**The ſyrte Chapter of Sapientia.**

**The. ix. Chapter of Eccleſiaſticus.**

**C Certayne Pſalmes of Dauid in  
metre.**

**Benedicā dominū in omni xxxiii.**

**Deus in nomine tuo. liii.**

**Beatus vir qui timet cx.**

**In exitu Iſrael de Egipto cxiii.**

**Non nobis domine cxv.**

**¶ Finis.**

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